

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1862.

NUMBER 35.

## The Weekly Register.

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**GEORGE W. TIPPETT,**  
Main Street,  
POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
TERMS:—One dollar per annum, strictly in advance.

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Will practice in the Courts of law and Chancery in Mason. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to their care. Address:  
Andrew Parks, Kanawha Co., Va.  
James W. Hogg, Winfield, Putnam county, Va.  
B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va.  
May 29th.

E. M. FITZGERALD,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office at Court House, PT. PLEASANT, VA.

**THOMAS B. KLINE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
Will practice in the counties of Mason, Putnam, Cabell and Wayne.  
Apr. 21 no 24th.

C. P. T. MOORE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Main street, PT. PLEASANT, VA.  
July 24th 1861.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,  
Attorney at Law,

POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
Will practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. JAMES H. HOOF,  
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity.

He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oils, paints, dyes, varnishes, essences of drugs, perfumery and soap of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of soap.  
He also has a large stationery tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. S. G. SHAW,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

TENDERS his professional services to the public. Calls from the country promptly attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining the "Virginia House."  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,  
SURGEON DENTIST.

Office on Second Street, above Public square, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

When all other pertaining to dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash.  
Feb. 6, 1862-ly.

**UNION HOUSE.**

Main Street, POINT PLEASANT, VA.

**HUTCH. McANILLA, Proprietor.**  
This Hotel is in the business portion of the town, convenient to the steamboat landing and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no pains to give entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to call upon him.  
March 20-ly.

**VIRGINIA HOUSE.**

Front Street, Point Pleasant, Va.

**J. P. R. B. SMITH, Proprietor.**

Takes pleasure informing his friends and the travelling public that this popular hotel has just opened for the reception of visitors.  
Aug 14-ly.

**S. HAYWARD & SON,**

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FURNITURE, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, &c.

Representatives, 611 Main Street, &c. Ware rooms Fronting Public Square, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Metallic and Wood Coffins constantly on hand. A Horse always in readiness for funerals.  
[May 15 ly.]

**E. TILLEY,**

WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he has just opened a saloon in this place and is now prepared to accommodate the public with all seasonable refreshments, such as Speed, Cured and Pickled Oysters, Ham and Eggs, Sardines, &c., on call. The best articles of Oranges, Lemons Raisins, Figs, Nuts, Candies, Tobacco and Cigars, constantly on hand.

Also, Lager Beer, Lemonade, &c., always on hand. Ice cream occasionally, July 19th.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling.

POINT PLEASANT BRANCH, CAPITAL \$186,000.

C. C. MILLER, President.

J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Directors:  
J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,  
A. McCasland, James Capchart,  
C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,  
P. S. Lewis.

Discount day Tuesday, February 27, 1862-ly.

Aaron Burr.

Nor far from my own cottage, on the 14th of September, 1836, Aaron Burr expired. He ended his eventful life at the advanced age of eighty-one, and, singularly enough, in the former mansion of my own paternal grandfather, Judge Ryers, the house now used as a public hotel. The ambitious, fallen politician was almost deserted by man; and his dead body was quietly and privately conveyed to the graveyard in Princeton, N. J., and there buried at the foot of his pious father's grave. In his rural burying-ground, where he has often rambled when a child, his ashes now lie. During a visit some time ago, to Dr. Melvin, President of Princeton College, we visited this spot on a Sabbath afternoon, and there was then not a stone to tell where Burr was interred; and there seemed to be no disposition among the living to point out the place, nor to honor it; but since then a tomb-stone has been placed over his grave.

When quite a child, Aaron Burr was left an orphan, to battle with the temptations of life, and the worst bent of youthful passions—but alas! alas! he did not resist and conquer! His boyhood was beautiful, dissonant and wayward—his intellect strong, and will indomitable. At ten he was a runaway and recaptured, when thirteen a junior at college, and at sixteen he graduated. Not seventeen, a wild youth, he was awakened to the value and salvation of his soul, and he visited "Father Balamy," a minister, the early friend of his own father, for religious advice. Here he remained eight months, and left the pious dwelling an awakened young man, but soon turned a dead ear to serious impressions and the teachings of the man of God. He seemed to have bidden a farewell to Christianity, and his passions, no longer restrained, henceforth held entire sway.

Burr, at the age of nineteen, volunteered in the Revolutionary army. Led by Montgomery, with a brave but unfortunate band, Montreal yielded to their artillery, and Quebec herself trembled. Burr commanded the advance with cool and intrepid valor. Still the attack fails, and Montgomery falling, dies before the very fortress whose capture once immortalized the expiring Wolfe. The entire front fell in the attack except two, and one of these was young Burr, and he retreated, bearing the body of the fallen General upon his shoulders.

Next, we see him in New York, the young, gay, and elegant officer, the hero of the northern campaign. He was caressed, admired, and courted—a sensationist too. That war lasted seven years, securing an honorable peace, and Burr, now twenty five years old, became an attorney in the city of New York, and ambitious of public honors. Where Canal street now extends its flat surface towards the Hudson River, at that time were open commons, with farms and fine country-seats. Here stood Richmond Hill, with a tasteful mansion surrounded by extensive shrubbery, the residence of Aaron Burr. Here he dwelt ten years, the centre of a courtly circle for elegance, wit, and beauty.

The Federal party, then in power, suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Washington, and although powerfully sustained by President Adams, its overthrow was accomplished. Extreme bitterness characterized political and party spirit, the press participating in the same violence and personal hatred. The path to the then so called "field of honor," the duel, became a ready method of settling political quarrels. Burr and Jefferson were leaders of the attack upon the Federalists, and they triumphed over that party which could boast of Washington for its leader. Still a fierce and fearful struggle awaited the victorious leaders in the election of a President. In Congress commenced those memorable ballots, which continued from day to day without any favorable result, until a wearied patience and wild excitement pervaded the National Council, and threatened the safety of the infant Republic.

Finally, after eleven days' struggle, with thirty-six ballots, the chance of two votes settled the important and fearful question. Thomas Jefferson was elected President, and Aaron Burr the Vice President, of the United States.

For the first and the only time (may it be the last!) in our national history, these highest offices were filled by injured men, well known for their fearless dislike and opposition to Bible Christianity. . . . Now comes a terrible scene of bloodshed and death—the results of infidelity, jealousy, and revenge and their triumph. St. Paul exhorts, "If thy enemy be hungry, give him meat," and a Higher than St. Paul says: "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." He also commands, "Love your enemies." These are the peaceful, holy teachings of our Bible. But the man of the world and fashion demands: "If thy friend offend or insult you, call him to mortal combat on the field of honor." Influenced by such a standard, Christianity is a mere mockery, and the words of Christ are unmeaning. "A man of honor!" To day he meets you with the smiles and embraces of friendship, and to-morrow, for a mis spoken word or conventional error, he sends the murderous message, with a pistol and

bullets, for the "field of honor!" Such are the ridiculous demands of the accurate and infernal code which even in our day holds a baleful sway. "Man of honor," vainly consoth thou imagine that this boasted word will wipe out the stains of a brother's blood, or calm a murderer's conscience in this world, or pardon thee at the awful bar where the slayer will surely meet the slain. Will thy code of honor save thee from an avenging conscience and a righteous God?—Dr. Rush\* found, among the incurables of a mad-house, a duellist, who had "killed his man." A victim of remorse, its horrors preyed upon his soul like troops of furies, by night and day, until his miserable mind collapsed from its agonies, and he expired in a delirium of despair.

Had Aaron Burr been elected President of the United States, he would never have challenged Hamilton. His ambition disappointed, revenge seems to have possessed his mind, with a determination to retaliate upon those who aided in his fall. Jefferson he hated most, but was too elevated a mark for any antagonist. But Hamilton, the master-spirit of the political day, had been his opponent for twenty years, denouncing him as dangerous to our young Republic. In one of his letters he declares that "the appointment of Burr as President would disgrace our country abroad—no agreement with him could be relied on. . . . His ambition aims at nothing short of permanent power. . . . He is as unprincipled and dangerous a man as any country can boast—as true a Cautine as ever met in midnight conclave."

I need not relate who Alexander Hamilton was—a page I may write at some other time. Both men were eminent politicians, and distinguished in eloquence and arms. They were alike in stature, and differed only a year in their ages; but to the noble name of statesman Aaron Burr could never lay just claim. His great opponent accurately described him, when he wrote that he was "far more cunning than wise—more dexterous than able." The history of these two leading men must now be recorded in blood. Burr challenged Hamilton, who had not the moral courage to decline acceptance, and on the tenth day of July, 1804, the parties met on the "field of honor," at Weehawken. There they stand: the secon is having carefully measured the ground, and scientifically loaded their pistols, and now wait to watch closely that the shooting is honorably done, or secundum artem. How striking is the contrast between the quiet of a sound-sounding nature—summer's loveliness, and the sweet songs of birds—with the gloomy scene and bloody work in which man is to play so conspicuous a part!—The seconds give the fatal signal, the damning deed is finished, and the affair of honor is done! In that horrid instant one falls writhing in his bloody agonies, and while the other flies away with everlasting guilt upon his soul. Poor Hamilton, brave at the cannon's mouth in defense of his country, had not the moral courage to resist the bondage of what is falsely called the code of honor. Twenty years before he had served as a second in a duel, and it is known, had long regarded the fashion as a remnant of barbarism. Now, he violates his conscience as a principle, or rather as a victim, to that cruel warfare which he abhorred. Dr. Hosack found him sitting on the ground, in the arms of his second. "His countenance," he says, "I shall never forget. He had at that instant just strength enough to say, 'This is a mortal wound,' when he sunk away, and became to all appearance lifeless."

The great statesman and dying man was conveyed to a friend's home, in the suburbs of New York. The sea breeze reviving him while crossing the river, he opened his eyes, and the memories of his home, wife, and children, aroused his consciousness: "Let her be sent for, but break the news gently, and give her hope." What a melancholy change there! Yesterday only, that dying father was cheerful and happy with life—to-day, he writhes and sinks in the agonies of death. Now are heard the sighs of the widow, and the orphan's lamentations. Our pen shrinks at this moment from further description. This was a foul affair of honor—what deeds shall we then call wicked and dishonorable!

G. P. D.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again and meet with eternal joy unutterable grief in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out.—You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth, white sand, which has spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, accord-

ing as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not these lines and character of truth, or error, which you conduct impressions on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storm of earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious and how earnest to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her form no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her heavenly God.

The Richmond Whig rejoices in the fact that the rebel army has had a plentiful supply of shoes and provisions to say—

Much good will be accomplished, if even a portion of our barefooted and ragged defenders have shoes put upon their feet and clothing on their backs. Many of them have not changed their clothing since they left Richmond. They have slept in it—fought in it—crossed the Potomac in it—marched over dusty roads and through storm and sun-burn in it; yet they have not changed it. It washed it in all that time, because they had no other to put on when that was taken off. The reader will not be surprised to hear, therefore, that many of the troops are covered with vermin, and their clothing rotten and dirty beyond anything they have ever seen.—There is no negro in Virginia who is not better off, in this respect, than some of the best soldiers and first gentlemen in the land."

The Late Colonel Pate.

Another silver thread had snapped, and now lay now to mourn the death of Colonel Curran Pope, of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry. His loss will be severely felt by his family and friends; and our country has lost one of its most cherished ornaments, and the country has been deprived of the services of a gallant and accomplished officer. He did not die upon the battlefield as soldiers love to fall, but the wound which he received at Perryville compelled him to remain at Danville, where his noble spirit, chafed and fretted itself into a fever because he could not be at the head of his regiment. . . . He was a man of high moral character, and his loss will be severely felt by his family and friends; and our country has lost one of its most cherished ornaments, and the country has been deprived of the services of a gallant and accomplished officer. He did not die upon the battlefield as soldiers love to fall, but the wound which he received at Perryville compelled him to remain at Danville, where his noble spirit, chafed and fretted itself into a fever because he could not be at the head of his regiment. . . . He was a man of high moral character, and his loss will be severely felt by his family and friends; and our country has lost one of its most cherished ornaments, and the country has been deprived of the services of a gallant and accomplished officer.

Horrible Murder.

A most fiendish murder was committed on last Wednesday night, by a soldier of the 117th Regiment, near Camp Ports mouth. The facts in the case, as near as we can ascertain, are these: On last Wednesday afternoon, two soldiers of the 117th Regiment, left camp and repaired to a low doggerly kept by an Irishman named McGhee, situated about three quarters of a mile from the camp, in a lonely hollow. About 8 o'clock in the evening the report of a gun was heard at camp, which, however, did not create any alarm. The next morning McGhee came into camp, and stated that a man had been killed near his house.—On repairing to the spot, the soldiers found the body of a comrade named Donahue, one of the parties who left camp the afternoon previous. He had a terrible wound in the head, evidently made by a single ball, and a deep bayonet wound in the side. The ground in the immediate vicinity was torn up and spattered with blood, which gave evidence of a severe struggle having taken place. The man who went out with him was found shortly after near a brook, trying to wash the blood from his clothing. The evidence being strongly against him, he was arrested and delivered over to the civil authorities. The circumstances of the killing can only be conjectured. It is supposed that they were both intoxicated. The spot where the murder was committed is the most lonely and desolate imaginable, being surrounded by high hills, with no house near but the wretched cabin of McGhee. The murdered man presented a frightful appearance, the terrible maimed ball having torn away the whole side of his head.—The murderer is confined in jail.—[Portsmouth Rep.]

How to be an Early Riser.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear a knock at the door. The man who hesitates when he is called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute; for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no turning over.

Dealers in tobacco are about as independent as dealers in cotton goods.— Their prices are as stiff as railroads. If you demand at their prices, you are respectfully invited to clear out and try to do better. Manufacturers of "fine cut" have put up the price 33 per cent., and in proportion the quality of the article in proportion. This makes an increase of 66 per cent., in the price of a bad breath and discolored teeth. Tobacco chewers assert that the fine cut now in market is made of old strasses saturated in tobacco juice. The retail price of the article is increased one third. What is true of tobacco is true also of cigars.— The pleasant fictions sold under fancy names as genuine Havanas make a serious hole in the smokers pocket-book.— Puffing costs something now, if it never did before.

Narrow Escape from being Buried Alive.

The following statement is made of the narrow escape of a wounded soldier from being buried alive:

After the battle of Newbern, North Carolina, George W. Green, a volunteer from Cooperstown, Otsego county, N. Y. was sent out with others to bury the dead. Among the bodies picked up by Green and his helpers was that of one Rufus Petty, from the same county.— The body was placed on the stretcher and carried to the grave, when just as it was being lowered into the grave, Green, who had been familiar with Petty, thought he would search his pocket to see whether there was anything that might be sent home to his friends. In so doing he ran his hand up under his vest, and discovered that his heart was faintly beating.

He announced the fact to his comrades, who said it couldn't possibly be, as the surgeon had made a thorough investigation of all on the field, and pronounced Petty, among the others, dead. He was then told to place the hand over the hand over the heart, when he, too, became satisfied that there was life. Petty was subsequently carried to the hospital, and recovered. As returned home, as did Green, and both men were in Albany a few days ago.

A Genuine "Lady."

The following incident was observed on the 17th inst. by a gentleman while on his way east to Pittsburg Pa. Our lady readers will not need to have the moral appended. On one seat was a pale soldier, man and weak, returning, as it proved from service in Arkansas, to be nursed by his mother, near Pittsburg, whose only son he was. At Wellsville most of the passengers got out for refreshments. Some passengers carried food along and ate it in the cars, but none offered anything to the soldier, who, either to weak to walk, or not having money to spare, sat still, silent and alone. As the train was about starting, two middle-aged ladies came in, and opening a basket began to eat a bountiful lunch. From their conversation they appeared to be from New-England. They were richly dressed and judging them to be aristocratic the writer was not favorably impressed with them. After a little while one of them, casting her eye forward, saw the soldier. She stopped eating, and whispering a moment to her companion, who nodded assent, she went forward and conversed pleasantly with the soldier, and returned for her basket, from which she supplied liberally with the best it contained. After eating all he desired, she wrapped in a paper and gave him enough to last him home. After eating the remnants in the basket herself, she sat down by his side and pleasantly talked with him most of the way to Pittsburg. The writer conceived there were few dry eyes among those who saw what passed. Was not the woman one of the true aristocracy?— Whether the needed food, or the kind manner and conversation of the lady was most refreshing to the long-time homeless patriot, or whether both were not equally so, we leave the reader to decide.

From time immemorial, man has been known that without salt, man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in former times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the disgusting symptoms which saltless food engenders.—Scientific American.

We are told that this is strikingly exemplified in the rebel Confederacy, where as we all know, there has been a salt famine for a year and a half. The rebels down there are getting shockingly maggoty. Their bodies are said to be all alive with maggots like an old cheese.— Even the cellular tissues of the once lovely ladies, we grieve to learn, are as full of grubs as ever the cells of a honey-comb were of young bees. The whole population need worming often than a tobacco patch. This is an awful condition of things, to be sure.—[Louisville Journal.]

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Pride.—There can be little doubt that all kinds of pride spring from the same root. It simply has its various manifestations, corresponding to the characters of various individuals. There is but one pride, and that is made to conform to the channel whence it issues, as water takes the shape of the vessel which contains it, and many impart to it the pleasant or unpleasant of what there has been there before. The pride of a bad man is hateful in its oppression; the pride of a good man wins our respect and esteem. In a man of upright principle, pride takes the form of self respect; and from respect of self he learns to respect others, judging him by his own feelings and thoughts.— A man with such pride is willing and anxious to live up to the golden rule, and do by others as he would be done by. It is no use to cry out against pride, for it exists in every one, and will manifest itself in some shape.

Let us rather try to direct pride in its right channel, and therefore not only avoid its evil manifestations, but secure good results from its influence.

Advantages of the Credit System.

We have read many arguments against the credit system, but the reason given by a German blacksmith for charging a cash customer more for the same work than what he charged a neighbor "on time," is a pungent one, and has the merit of originality at least. When asked why he charged the cash customer the most, he replied:

"You see I have so much charge on my book, and sundries lose sum, and so when I've got cash customer, I charge a good price; but when I put it on my book, I don't like to charge so much so if he no pay, I no lose so much." The above is only equalled by the explanation given by a pedler of jewelry, upon his return from a successful tour to replenish his stock, to the question as to what profit he made on his sales. "Oh," said he, "I generally make five per cent." Upon being told that the advance was so small, he replied, "You don't understand me; I mean that I sell an article for five times its cost."

RETAIN YOUR HOUSE.—Our American fashion of building a house for your self and selling it so immediately, is contrary to the picture of happiness drawn in Isaiah:

"Therefore thus said the Lord God, 'I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people.'"

"And they shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall not plant and another eat, for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their own hands."

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason. He is the thief of his substance, the beggar companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff his own shame. He is the spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

Red Tape "Done brown."

The finest specimen of red tape we ever heard of, was purchased by Col. Marston, of the N. H. 21. He wanted to make a requisition, and the whole camp was ransacked for a sheet of paper, but only half a sheet could be found.— He wrote the requisition, waited quietly for a response, which he received. It read about as follows: "When Col. Marston has occasion to make use of a requisition upon this department, he will please make use of a whole sheet of paper. Very respectfully, etc."

GRAT on 4's.—There is a volunteer in the 4th company of the 4th battalion of the 44th Massachusetts regiment who was appointed 4th Corporal on the 4th day of September. He was born on the 4th day of July, at 4 o'clock P. M., in 1844, was the 4th child and has 4 names. He will do to go forth to fight the battles of the country.

A special dispatch from Sharpsburg, Md. to the Associated Commercial says that the rebels before falling back from Martinsburg to Winchester, tore up the track of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, burning ties, cutting railroad iron, burning bridges and tearing down embankments.

It is estimated that the revenue to the Government from the national tax will be at least two hundred and fifty million dollars during the current year. In addition to liquidating the interest on the public debt, this sum will pay about one half the current expenses of the war.

The Japanese ambassadors contracted a bill of \$20,000 at their hotel in London. They sent it to Lord John Russell, hoping that England would pay it as other countries had done, but Lord John refused.

Six theatres and two circuses are in full blast in Washington—the circus tents on Sunday are used for religious services.